

# Genelec & Memphis Reigns – Elephanttightus

## Elephanttightus Lyrics

[Verse 1: Genelec & (Memphis Reigns)]

Cybernetics, embedded and shredded with alphabetic  
Word surge from the cloud  
(To rain down the sound)  
On the battleground  
(Simply spit material killings, label a serial)  
Revealing a metaphysical miracle  
(Walking water like the holy father)  
What? As the mental manifests sharp points to stigmata  
Propensity for jettin thee enemy steppin to me with word weaponry  
(The verbal pedigrees for next century)

[Verse 2: Memphis Reigns]

Yo, yo  
Pre-conceive through the spirit of the movement verbal soul  
Control or train a body to walk over hot coal  
House calls protocols of deadly chance to intercept it  
When I said it through your speaker I let it send it in seconds  
Leave an image created, heavy weighted, anticipated  
Equated cranial formulated, updated a revelation  
My penetration through your mental concentration leave your body mad frustrated and  
even be speaking statements  
It's my time and unwind, re-enact the aftermath through paragraphs  
I put my name upon the map with battle raps, this battle cat  
I'm up to bat, I'm crackin' backs, I'll bring the end of them  
Sending them side to side like a vertical pendulum  
So don't be tellin' them my message in a bottle, throttle  
Seven seas, enemies with white flags, I've come to seize  
Causin' observation process thoughts when I behoove ya  
Popped tops the hard knocks to rise vibes  
Verbally a paradox, unlockin' Pandora's box  
Releasin' my darker thoughts, fatter than Mr. Hitchcock  
A blister, tongue twista, when I hit ya  
Overloaded system blowin single spin transistor  
In the mist, war reciting, I throw lightning  
Clash of the overly excited fuckin' titans

\*Uh I am the master, you are the slave\*

\*You are in my power\*

\*What is thye bidding?\*

[Verse 3: Genelec]

Ay yo, quid pro quo doctor  
Ya ought not drop a fishin' line into the depths of this rhyme  
Might just find your hook tangled  
No angle for escape when the sharp dome plate starts to shake  
Ten quake on the Richter  
Mr. G-Lec spell threat to the transistors  
The hand blisters  
Rip through the pain as the red pumps

Through the main vein to proclaim individuality  
Casually fused with the musical reality, soul gallery  
Gather at the front gate and buck shapes  
These live lungs ride drums on a one way  
Trip through the mist I twist and coexist in a myriad  
A mental pyramid, you're hearin' it  
Clearin' the borders, I'm mysterious  
Let it be known, headed my poems, for homegrown inhalation  
Yes from the basement, nightly  
Clearin' this quick with my psyche  
Slightly off base when the bass drums strike me  
Likely get nicely touched with one thrust  
Of the robust word rush to crush my opponents  
Plus my components, top quality titanium when I reign  
Make you wonder and retain a lingering vision  
Of this transmission with deficit for my position  
As the chosen, pro shogun, black the sky and leave no sun  
These current dimensions got me trapped in detention  
Words they chip away your walls like Shawshank Redemption, ascension  
Freedom with the bleeding of the melody  
Heavenly I command with brain waves extra sensory  
Remember me centuries in a time when my rhyme fades

Genelec's sprays will live another day